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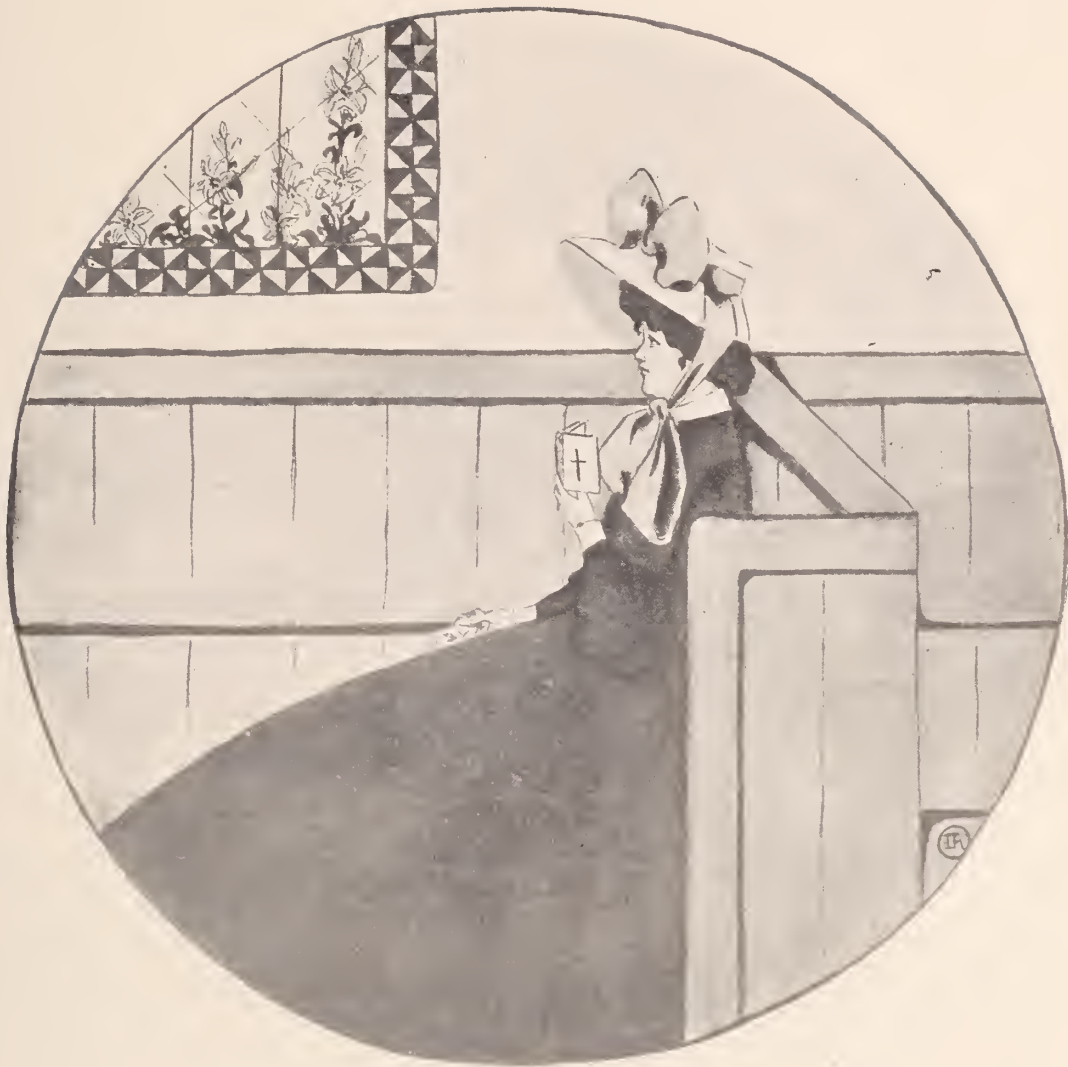
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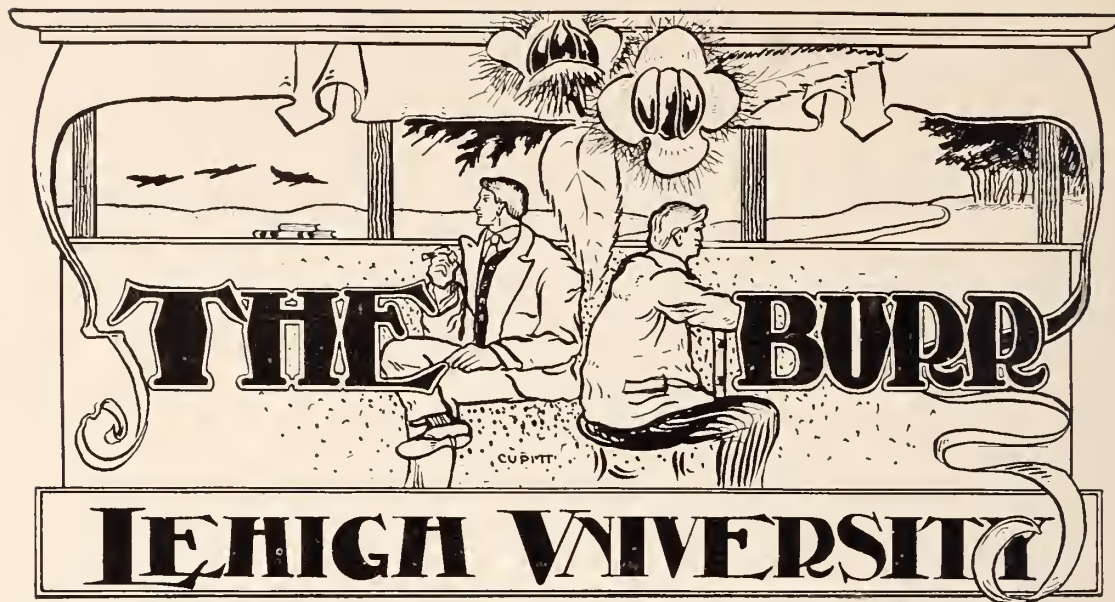
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Volume I.

April 17, 1905.

Number 8

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Office of publication, 144 South Main Street.

Editor for this Issue, J. H. Wolfe.

"Wisdom makes fools of us all."

ALTHOUGH ideas will continue to fall upon us with the suddenness and ferocity of April showers, the "BURR-ower" was compelled to dig deep in the intellectual soils in order to procure a subject current enough to be of interest. Full well realizing that he "shall reap what he sows," and that "bread cast upon the waters shall return after many days," he has concluded, not without trepidation, to plunge into a short discourse on some of the infectuous germs of our College atmosphere.

He was struck and somewhat painfully surprised upon his arrival at Lehigh to find an almost universal disregard and inappreciation of the finer forms of art and atticism, which he should have been glad to enjoy. He tried to ascribe it to the so-called "Americanism," but a wider experience with the great, hustling American public compelled him to look elsewhere for an explanation. At first he persuaded himself that it was due to hard, technical work, which it was claimed gave no time for the appreciation of higher art, but on the other hand developed an indifference to all forms of belles-lettres. Since then he has decided that it is not the work, but a spirit in the atmosphere, developed some time back, which has caused some men to laugh down in ridicule all allusions to virtuosity. It is the atmosphere



## THE LEHIGH BURR

which pervades the vicinity, fostered by our predecessors and nourished by ourselves, which imbues us with the idea that a study of the classics in any form or manner is a waste of time.

One does not ask for a suspension of the studies which are to lay the foundation of our profession, but requests a tendency toward other branches of art, which are, indeed, the finishing tools for obtaining refinement and culture.

Must we be one-sided—can we not copy after the examples set by men like Huxley and Newcomb and show an equal aptitude for all art, both scientific and classical? Is it necessary to relinquish as obsolete and useless the love for the æsthetic because we are studying for our future livelihood?

The “BURR-ower” bemoans any step toward the curtailment of our general courses, while he rejoices at the efforts to strengthen our arts courses. The great hope that this paper would fan the molten embers of dilettanteism and revive “unæsthetic Lehigh” has not been altogether realized, but we feel it has been a step in the right direction and may yet prove its purpose.

B B B B B B B B B

THE EDITORS of the Philadelphia Lehigh Club “News” have again found time “to get it out.” Volume I, No. 2, sounds rather infantile, but its “get up” shows a maturity which is commendable for so short a period of existence. We trust that the members of the Club are monthly devouring the contents of THE BURR with the same assiduity as is displayed by us on receipt of the “News.”

B B B B B B B B B

A FEW WORDS about the next Mustard and Cheese play will serve to prematurely estimate its merits. Judging from hearsay, it will prove a grand success as a comic production and ludicrous imitation of Lehigh campus life. Great credit is due to the playwright and the manager for their untiring efforts in placing before us an original production.

B B B B B B B B B

WE wish to thank Prof. Gelhaar most heartily for the handsome design which adorns the cover of THE BURR.

B B B B B B B B B

## THE ENTHUSIAST.

WE HAVE decided to devote a column each month under the above title to remarks upon current events and significant developments of college life at Lehigh. It has been discovered by a process of elimination that the writer who will have charge of this Department is fit for no other branch of the work. So decided, indeed, were the results of the eliminating processes that there can be no doubt whatever that he is eminently suited to the undertaking. Our first instalment is not as complete as we hope to make that of future numbers as the department was established at the eleventh hour before going to press.—EDITORS.

THE ENTHUSIAST lately read an editorial in the columns of our mighty confrere, which stirred him deeply. The writer suggested a forced draft scheme for developing College Spirit which suited the tendency of our day. He would first develop *College traditions*, and from them would spring, like roses in the reclaimed deserts of the West, a college spirit all the stronger for the youth of our institution.

The writer modestly refrained from suggesting the means of developing this college tradition, and the Enthusiast, recognizing him as a brother, springs into the gap

where he sees that but his slight assistance is needed to hurl thundering through the years an avalanche of tradition developing reform.

The Enthusiast has carefully looked into the matter of tradition, both college and otherwise and he finds that many localities abound in it. The very ground oozes tradition and one can feel it squelching underfoot. Probably at no great depth it has become congested and could be handily mined and shipped here in big chunks. Think of it. Great big slabs of tradition! And each slab capable of throwing high-voltage College Spirit into an entire freshman class!

Again, he finds places where tradition is a positive drawback. Look at China for instance. However, the installation of Chinese tradition might be onesided in its results. It might lead us to work too strenuously at the college laundry scheme and thereby hinder athletics.

But might not the faculty assist us in this matter? It would be much more to our credit if we developed our tradition rather than taking something ready-made which might not suit our temperament. A certain night each week might be set aside when the students, under capable leadership might meet and proceed to develop tradition. Or, if a regular night could not be assigned, the notice might be given out in Chapel, "The students are requested to meet at 'Charley's' at nine o'clock this evening. At ten everyone is expected to be in a frame of mind suited to unlimited development of tradition."

The Enthusiast thinks that some such evidence of interest on the part of the faculty would produce results. Tradition would inevitably be one result—tradition smeared all over with little chunks of Allentown police.



Unlimited Development of Tradition.

IT WAS with misgiving that the Enthusiast noticed a short time ago that the great clouds of dust which once issued from the windows of the fatal chamber where faculty meetings were being held, no longer poured forth in a continuous stream, but only in intermittent gusts. During the lulls the confused din of battle ceased, and over all there hung a boding stillness.



From these signs the Enthusiast reasoned that our respected faculty were spending a considerable portion of each meeting in sober consideration of the business which came before them. Considering that no good could come from such a departure from ancient custom, he endeavored to learn the cause of these speaking silences. His very worst fears were realized. The faculty were reading petitions through before turning them down.



# THE LEHIGH BURR

## An Analytical Solution.

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THE STUDENT from Colorado was silent as we walked home from the last debate at the Forum Club. He was visiting Featherwood, the Junior, for a few days, and incidentally looking up a few friends whom he had known as a former Lehigh student. When we were back in Featherwood's room, six of us, and had gotten the room comfortably blue, the student from Colorado suddenly withdrew his pipe from his lips and broke his silence with the remark: "Well, we heard a good deal about this genius Sherlock Holmes tonight, and if he ever lived I reckon he'd have made things hum in any line of business. But if you don't mind the first personal pronoun, singular, I reckon I can keep you awake with a little tale of what happened in the High Street of Stokesbury, last Spring, when I was finishing up my work at Lindhurst College for Ph.D. in Chemistry. Lindhurst, you may know, is the great English technical school, situated in the Cleveland iron district.

The two men whom I knew the best among the students there were Norris, from Maine, and his fellow-lodger, Lufboro, the son of a Surrey squire. Now this Lufboro was a curious chap, very agreeable when he wasn't busy, and altogether too well supplied with money. Just for instance, when he started working on his thesis, "The Effects of Chromium upon Steel under Impact Tests," he wasn't satisfied with making small samples in the Metallurgical Laboratory, and putting them under a drop hammer. He built a small brick addition to the house where he and Norris lived, and, securing electrical connection, put in a resistance furnace, and a chemical laboratory, and started to cast alloys of steel and chromium into conical shot. Then he made arrangements through his father to have the shot tested by the Ordnance Department at the Aldershot proving grounds. It must have cost a mint of money for metal and express charges and current, but he received checks regularly and many a night worked at his furnace till daylight. His laboratory could be entered only by a door leading to the rear room where the two slept, and he never allowed Norris in the room where he himself spent so many hours. The very house was one of his whims. It had been a two room stone cottage, which he had rented two years before and fitted in sumptuous style for his own convenience and privacy. Norris had lived there only since the preceding Fall, when he had saved the Englishman's life by yanking him out of the head-race of a turbine in the factory district of the town.

One morning it happened, as I was dressing, Norris rushed into my room and begged me to come down right away. It seemed that Lufboro had been in the laboratory all night and made no answer when Norris had called to him about ten minutes before. Lufboro was in the habit of locking the door on the inside, and had the only key. So we broke down the door, and, entering the laboratory, found everything in order, the furnace at white heat, with a melted charge in the crucible, but no sign of Lufboro. Feeling that official help was needed, I sent Norris for the police and proceeded to look about.

The first thing that struck me was the extreme freshness of the air, for a laboratory, which I soon accounted for by two overhead ventilators set in the opposite walls of the room, through which the sharp April breeze was blowing. Next was the furnace, which was built in a most peculiar manner. The crucible, about two feet in diameter, sat at the bottom of a four foot shaft, and could be poured only by a lever and counterweight, which tilted shaft, crucible and all, at once. Seeing six conical molds in line by it, I concluded to shut off current and pour the metal. In so doing I was hampered by



a platform, which was swung from the ceiling by a single rope passing two rings and knotted to slings supporting the two ends of the platform. One end of the structure was much lower than the other, and, upon seeing a cushion nailed to that end, and sundry dents in the other, I concluded that it was a sort of suspended couch upon which Lufboro was in the habit of lying. The cover of the shaft was off, and when I stretched upon this aerial couch, I could see how the Englishman, lying there reading could reach over the head of the couch, remove the cover, and look down upon the crucible beneath. Ingenious, but rather an unstable arrangement, for the main rope was free to slide in the rings, giving the couch a fore-and-aft tilt of at least  $45^\circ$ , as it was when I found it. There was a box of steel ingots, with another of slabs of chromium in the corner, marked with the name of the Shelly Metal Co., and upon the floor by the furnace a memorandum-book, and a copy of Ledebur's "Handbuch der Eisenhüttenkunde," which might have fallen from the couch.

When the police arrived, led by a sergeant and Norris, they busied themselves taking notes and asking questions, at the conclusion of which Norris was incarcerated upon suspicion of having murdered his fellow-lodger. I telegraphed immediately to the Ordnance Department and to Squire Lufboro, to let us know if he should turn up at Aldershot or in Surrey, although I was beginning to wonder how he could have left by the bedroom, unlocking and locking the laboratory door without awakening Norris. Meanwhile I secured permission to occupy the rooms, and was soon to share them with the old Squire who came up a day or two later, when the disappearance had become a certainty.

Next day, I concluded to look over the conical shot which I had cast, and found slag an inch deep in each riser. Now, the fusion of two metals, if pure, produces practically no slag. There was no sign of a hole in the shaft lining, to indicate a fall of a bit of brick. The wall was new, round, and made of siloxicon, a recent American product. Further, Lufboro's memorandum of the fatal evening stated: 11:30 P.M., 100 kg. steel; 35 kg. Cr. I next made a qualitative test of a chip of slag. Arriving at the point of the test for phosphoric acid, I mechanically added nitric acid, then ammonium molybdate, and as the thick yellow precipitate sank to the bottom of the beaker, I caught my breath and murmured a prayer for the soul of poor Tom Lufboro, whom men should never know again on this earth. My next thought was to secure the acquittal of Norris at the Monthly Assizes, now only three days off. To this end I worked eighteen hours a day in the laboratory, the results of which I had best relate in connection with the trial.

The prosecuting attorney had finished distorting the facts to conform to certain cases of record, and had included those in which conviction had been secured without producing the "corpus delicti." The counsel for the defense, the best advocate which Norris' host of friends could secure, rose and rapidly reviewed the weakness of the circumstantial evidence against the defendant. Then drawing from his pocket a short slip of paper, read the following: 'April 20, 1904. Analysis of the contents of the crucible left in heat by the deceased, Thomas Lufboro, early on the morning of April 16, 1904: Cr 24.73 per cent.; Fe 68.47 per cent.; C 4.06 per cent.; Au .06 per cent.; Ag .08 per cent.; Cu .03 per cent.; CaD 1.18 per cent.;  $P_2O_5$  1.43 per cent. Sum 100.04 per cent.

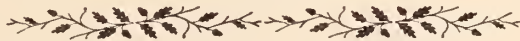
By affidavit of the Shelly Metal Co., which furnished the metals, chromium was chemically pure, and the steel contained 2 per cent. of carbon. According to the memorandum of the deceased, the handwriting being sworn to as his by three competent witnesses, he charged into the crucible at 11.30 P.M., April 15, 100 kilograms of steel and 35 kilograms of chromium. This melt therefore contained 72.59 per cent. of iron, 25.93

## THE LEHIGH BURR.

of chromium, and 1.48 per cent. of carbon. An exact calculation, based upon these data, shows conclusively that between 11:30 P.M. of April 15, and 7:30 A.M. of April 16, there were added to the crucible in question, 80 grams of gold, 75 grams of silver, 3.434 kilograms of carbon, 3.6 kilograms of calcium phosphate, and 41 grams of copper.

The gold is accounted for by the weight of ten sovereigns drawn from the local branch of the Midland Bank at 3.00 P.M., April 15; the silver by the case of his watch, and two shillings known to have been in his possession at 7.00 P.M. of April 15; the copper by the works of his watch and the two keys upon his ring, and the additional carbon and calcium phosphate by the weight of his incinerated skeleton and part of the organic constituents of his body. As would be the case, the zinc of brass articles and most of the carbon of his body were lost by volatilization. The father of the deceased testifies that Thomas Lufboro was subject at long intervals to epileptic fits. There is no difficulty in arranging a balance sheet to prove exact correspondence between the non-volatile constituents of a man and his dress and personal effects, with the additions which analysis shows have been made to the crucible. Judging by the angle of his reading hammock and its position when the room was first opened, the deceased was projected head-foremost into a chamber five feet deep, two feet in diameter, the bottom of which was at a probable temperature of 2000° C. I appeal to this jury to acquit the defendant of complicity in this alleged murder, and I ask the court to instruct the coroner to render a proper bill of death from accidental causes.'

When the counsel had concluded, the court-room, which was full of students of the College, became a howling pandemonium. Had each one been fined two pounds for contempt of court, the judiciary would have been enriched to the extent of about six thousand dollars as we count money. The prisoner was released on nominal bail during the repetition of my analyses by a properly accredited chemist, and was formally acquitted a week later. And I think I will turn in now, if you youngsters will all vamoose." R.



### JUST GOOD FRIENDS.

It's hard, mighty hard, to be called down and out	Then comes the day of graduation. On the platform you must sit,
With the girl that you've been rushing your whole life about ;	To receive a damned diploma and be advised a little bit.
But you know all is finished and everything ends	But all this worldly wisdom will never make amends
When you get a letter saying you're just good friends.	For the loss of one who called you "just real good friends."
 You see her once more, it may be on the train ;	 Now your college days are over ; you go far into life—
You do your level best and think you're rais- ing Cain.	Away amid some strangers, and perchance you'll take a wife,
But there's a sentence that will fix you, to the wind your hope it sends—	But your heart will always hunger and in your dreams you'll bend
It's that gently murmured whisper, "We're just good friends."	To touch the lips of one who was "just a real good friend."

SARCASMS.



Four Bald Heads—Each of Whom Have Found a Comb,



# THE LEHIGH BURR

## Civilization.

Hikin' through the uplands,  
Finger on the trigger;  
Since we left the lowlands  
Nary sign o' nigger.

Wonder where they can be at,  
Imps o' Satan, sure;  
When it comes to ambuscade  
They're the Simon-pure.

There's a long ravine ahead,  
Too darn cramped and narrow;  
Quite a place to get your hide  
Punctured by an arrow.

Whispering in the treetops,  
Rustlin' in the cane,  
Dodgin' noises is enough  
To drive a man insane.

Hikin' through the highlands,  
Finger on the trigger;  
Since we shot the last bunch  
Nary sign o' nigger.

There's a head—a dozen;  
They're as thick as fleas;  
Kreeses, barongs, arrows  
Comin' through the trees.

Open order! Kneel an' fire!  
Hear the Krag's a-crackin';  
Any thing that bullet hits  
'll need substantial backin'.

Here they come! Cease firin'!  
Bay'net or the butt!  
Steady! Smash 'em! Holy Moses!  
How the bolos cut!

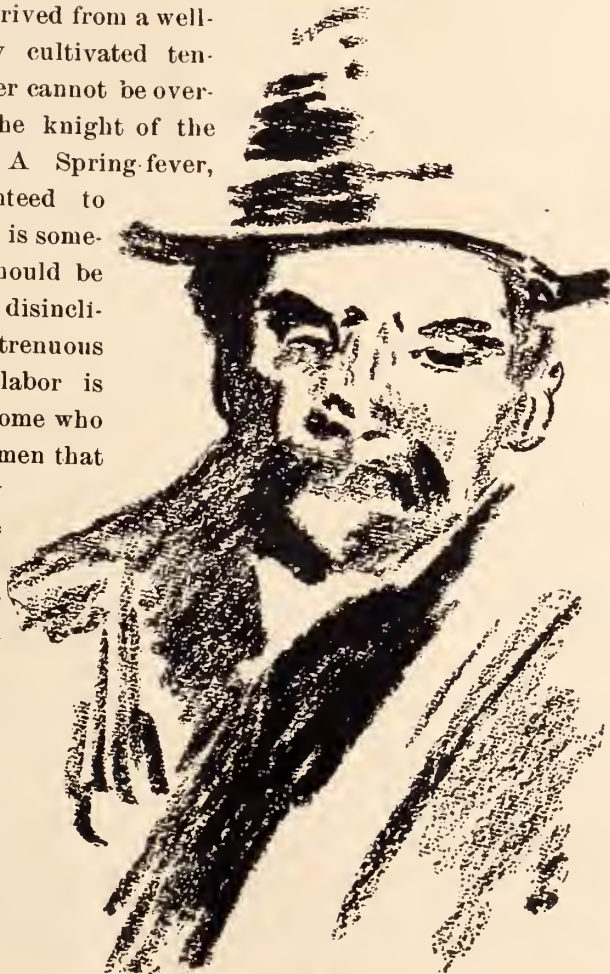
Twenty dead; six prisoners.  
Send 'em all up higher.  
Firin' squad, 'tention! Load!  
Ready! Aim! Fire!

R.

## The Uncomplicated Life.

"The joys to be derived from a well-developed, carefully cultivated tendency to Spring fever cannot be over-estimated" quoth the knight of the dusty highway. "A Spring fever, chronic and guaranteed to last the year round, is something that no one should be without. A slight disinclination for the more strenuous forms of manual labor is enough to convince some who consider themselves men that they are satisfactorily equipped: but the real article, the strong, manly, unwavering loathing for work—bah! they have no more soul than a bulldog."

It's an ill wind  
that blows nobody's  
hat over the New  
Street Bridge.



THE following is one of our annual jokes. It is so good that its humor never plays out and it was with great expectation that we looked forward to its republication.

Q. When is a man not a man?

A. When he's a miss.

(See appendix.)

"I take for my sermon," said the Allentown Preacher to his congregation, "the Star of Bethlehem," whereupon the congregation arose bodily and left the church.

The force that keeps us alive is the force of habit.

# THE LEHIGH BURR

## An Easter Song.

*Come, ye Muses, blithe and gay,  
And tune my heart  
To sing a merry lay  
Of Mother Rhea's yearly birth,  
Of Nature's magic art,  
Of joy and mirth.*

*A tale of March's winds and showers,  
Of April's sun,  
And May-time's scented flowers;  
Of all that brings us love for life;  
Its pleasant course to run;  
A joyous strife.*

*The morning breeze brings mental ease,  
And every bird  
That builds within the trees  
His yearly home bids all mankind  
Where'er his song is heard,  
Be light of mind.*

*The little brook that babbles by,  
With thought innate  
It seems does ever try  
To make its very inmate glad,  
As if no earthly fate  
Should make them sad.*

*The crowing cock, the cooing dove,  
With Nature's voice  
Send forth a lay of love,  
A source of thought to pensive man;  
Mankind must needs rejoice  
When brute life can.*

*But yet, ye Muses, why prolong  
By this weak hand  
A little Easter song?*

*'Twas only meant to echo wide  
The Saviour's blest command:  
Be glad! Be glad!*

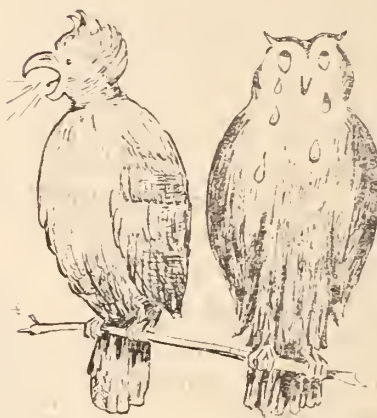
## AN AUGUST NIGHT.

*As my barque shot out in the moonlight calm,  
The scent of the pine filled the air,  
And roundabout all hung a lingering charm  
Entwined in the night so fair.*

*The stars were dimmed by the August moon,  
And the girl of my heart seemed divine:  
The swift moments fled, alas! too soon,  
To join the abysses of time.*

*Her fair face shone in the pallid light,  
The gleam of love in her eyes;  
And a magic potion I quaffed that night  
Of passion that never dies.*

oooooooo



WISDOM  
vs.  
FOOL-  
ISHNESS.

c, , x, y? p d q. — I × u-x

12—M, x, o? my, v, q—m4

l—B—M—IXL?

For the three best solutions of the above puzzle we offer three yearly subscriptions to the BURR. Address

Puzzle Department,  
LEHIGH BURR,  
Bethlehem, Pa.

$$\sqrt[3]{\frac{x}{y}} = \sqrt[3]{\frac{O}{O}}$$

For the two best graphical solutions of the above problem our Mathematical Club will give two green trading stamps.

# THE LEHIGH BURR



A HEAD PIECE.

## AN ODE TO JAPAH.

[With apologies to W C Bryant.]

From the races of the East World,  
From the far shores of the Orient  
To the feeble Western peoples  
Comes the jiu, jiu=jitsu,  
Jiu=jitsu, jiu=jitsu.

Arts that make our lives grow longer  
Make our muscles gain in fibre,  
Give us brains instead of pumpkins—  
Thus the jiu, jiu=jitsu,  
Jiu=jitsu, jiu=jitsu.

Little men now cope with big ones,  
Bantam weights put out Jim Jeffries,  
Down and out is old Swoboda—  
Downed by jiu, jiu=jitsu,  
Jiu=jitsu, jiu=jitsu.

Mag's name that eharns all nations,  
Brings a terror round about us;  
Would that we had never heard it—  
Heard of jiu, jiu=jitsu,  
Jiu=jitsu, jiu=jitsu.

Soon there'll be no need of Lehigh;  
Soon our troubles all will vanish,  
Nath we'll get by jiu=jitsu.  
Vive la jiu, jiu=jitsu,  
Jiu=jitsu, jiu=jitsu.

## A PLEA FOR EXPLICITNESS.

TO ALL foreigners the English language presents difficulties that perhaps surpass those offered by any other civilized tongue. THE BURR, in its position as a vehicle of reform (a position newly annexed), has after much thought evolved some ideas which will be a great step towards banishing many of our most troublesome perplexities. In the first place, we have decided on the total abolition of "already yet." For the use of either of these words separately we propose a fine; for the use of both of them together, a long term of imprisonment in the Allentown Jail. Next we wish to place before our readers a plan for the restriction of "aind't it," limiting the use of these two words to, say, fifty times per week. On the fifty-first offence the criminal will be deprived of beer for a week. At the present moment these two movements seem to us so radical that any further effort in this line might cause a revolution, or at the very least the formation of a Union. At the first signs of success, however, or of appreciation on the reader's part, the fires of progress will be fanned by fresh reform breezes from the editorial seat.



A few birds do not make a Spring but several good swallows often bring about a fall, depending of course on the size of the swallows and the strength of the thing swallowed. ☺





## The Spirit of Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO spent four years of his life painting the picture of Jeremiah on the Sistine Chapel of Rome, four years of his life deforming his muscles and weakening his eyes, four years of his life lying on his back under the dark ceiling spreading color on its barren surface—four years of his life gaining immortality.

Since that magnificent production was first given to the world several hundred years have rolled rapidly by on the swift wings of time. It still remains a marvel of color and perspective, a wonder in the development of harmonic shades and tints and a noble monument of four years of a divine painter's life.

But what was four years of such a life to four years spent in a drawing-room leaning over a flat board and a smooth white sheet of paper, placing the beautiful, fully matured black lines in their proper positions, so as to represent machines.

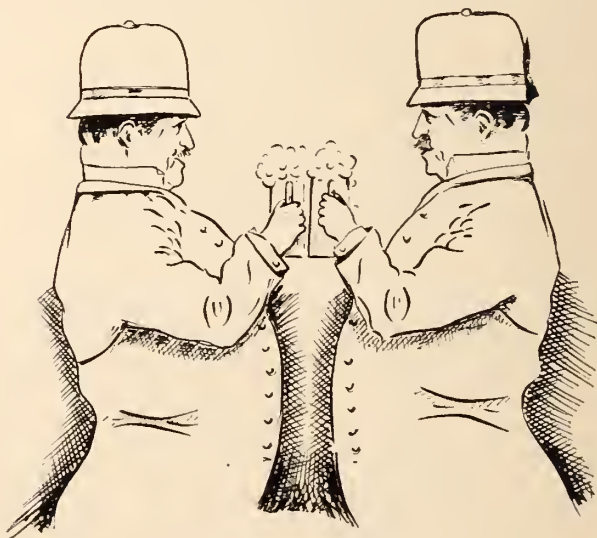
How can the genius of an Angelo or Leonardo stand a show alongside of a man who has so mastered the art of blending that he can cross-section two hundred lines to the inch without making a blot? Can any painting surpass in harmony of shades the magnificent grills one perceives in the representations of steel and iron cross-sectioning? Can any burst of human talent transcend the genius of such an artisan? Surely no power short of supernatural or Chinese could be imbued with such an amount of patience and application as we find among the fiendish dragons who tirelessly wield the faultless pen and pencil in the drawing rooms of our own beloved University.

They say Michael Angelo never left his scaffold, but pulled his lunch up on a string, where he nibbled at it while painting. How much more interest and assiduity do our students display when they bring their lunch day after day for four long years, eating it with one hand while the other is occupied by the ruling pen?

Then think, for example, of the perspective displayed in the drawing of a connecting rod. Here we find a pair of lines the perspective of which is so fine that their intersection is only found at infinity. So gentle and symmetrical are the curves representing the bolt holes that they have neither beginning nor end. Then, too, there are the fine, clean-cut dimension lines, broken only here and there by a figure or two, figures more numerous and perfect than those which occupy the paintings of Michael Angelo.

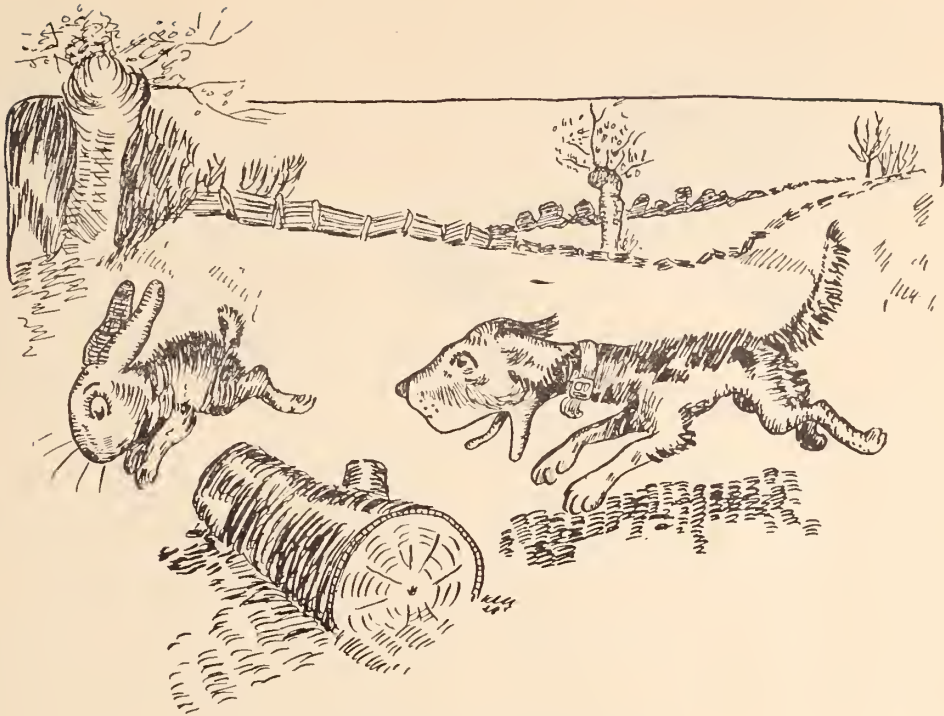
It is a sad, sad state to think that every year pilgrimages are made even from our own town in order to view what has the reputation of being a work of genius, when at our very doors we are blessed with talent far superior; that men should vie with one another in sounding the praises of the so-called world's masterpieces when we have but to turn the corner in order to view a working drawing of some new machine which in its insurmountable beauty would displace any of the works of our great masters from Raphael down to Doré.

+ + + + +



A PAIR OF PINCHERS.

"Yes," said the alcoholic gentleman, "there are a thousand reasons why I should not drink, but I cannot think of one at present."



## A HARE INVIGORATOR

### HEARD ON THE CAMPUS.

To save ourselves from the ignominy of any further witticisms we have decided to publish a complete list of jokes—the effort of generations of research—which will apply with much screwing and bending to puns upon the name of this paper or any of the Board of Editors. We present them for elucidation in tabular form :

#### I.

This paper was named THE BURR :—

1. Because people got stuck with it.
2. Because you are always able to find several chestnuts in it every time you open it.
3. Because its covers possess so many good

points.

4. Because we are up in the air and expect any time to fall with a crash that will break us.

#### II.

Don't be afraid of our new Business Manager even though his name is Steele.

These jokes should be committed to memory as examples of holy inspiration of our College jokers.

Every student is requested to limit himself to 7893 "get-offs" for each one, as a further recital of them will greatly depreciate their value to future generations.



"Brush by," said the coat collar to the whisk-broom as the latter gently smoothed his ruffled lapel.

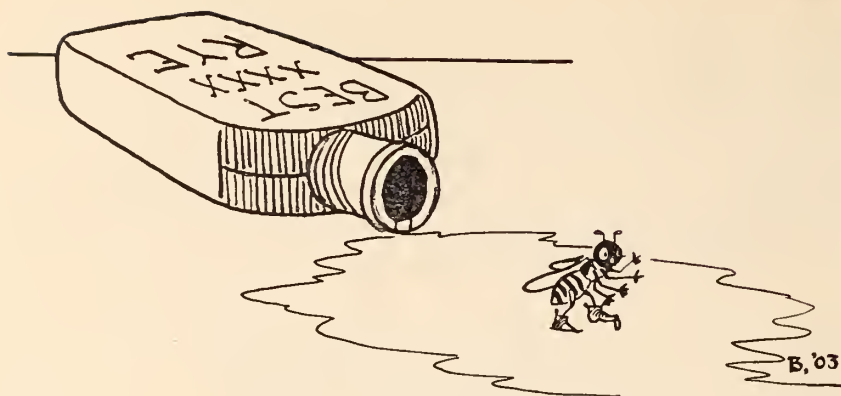
Late to bed and early to rise makes a man a fiend.

Don't be done by others as they would be done by you.

Let well enough alone or else send for the doctor.

Beggars should not be boozers.

## THE LEHIGH BURR.



COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

First Manager : "I collected a five-dollar debt for an ad. today."

2d Manager : "Well, let's go over to the Brighton and liquidate the debt."

"Blast it," said the Rock to the Dynamite as it threw him three hundred feet in the air.

### A DREAM.

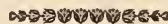
The village clock had called the midnight hour,  
And still he sat and worked and worked away ;  
At last he sighed, "I'll try one problem more."

For just a moment's quiet rest he lay  
His weary head upon his hand and let  
His thoughts go wandering at their own sweet will.

He dreamed of every murmuring rivulet,  
And trod again in thought each wooded hill  
His youth had known. As thus alone he sat  
Old nature quite o'ercame his firm intent,  
And, falling fast asleep, he dreamed of that  
Same room wherein he sat ; but there was  
lent

To all around a different hue. The walls  
Were pages huge, the bed became a book,  
And every window opened into halls  
Whence issued sprites at whom a single look  
Sufficed to tell the nature that each hath.  
Each bore a form and had the power to speak,  
Lo ! every elf portrayed a phase of math.  
So stepping forth, as gentle angels meek,  
Each one in proper turn began to ask  
Of what his nature was and how and where  
Isosceles' Triangle first began the task,  
And, coming forth with eager eye and air  
Demure, said solemnly, "Show that my legs  
And basic angles equal are." Right soon  
The students worked it out. Oh, bitter dregs

Of years gone by. Then next a quarter moon  
Popped up and said, "If I inscribed be  
Prove you my right triangularity."  
A circle rolled his nimble way along  
And bade the youth find pi to places four.  
These queries all for him were but a song,  
But questions followed questions more and  
more,  
On plane geometry and solid just a few,  
On algebra and analytics too.  
At last the elves of Calculus came on —  
A differential  $y$  or  $x$  or two,  
A host of integration signs. Upon  
The bed, the walls, everywhere they flew,  
And told the youth that in their nature lay  
The power great that rules the world to-day.  
If each should just be crossed with two  
straight lines  
This power then they'd have. With might  
and main  
The youth did strive to make on each the  
lines.  
A very few he did, but in his strife  
He works, and still his highest aim in life  
Is just to hoard away his dollar signs.



First Student : "Did see that postman coming from the Moravian Cemetary?"

Second Student : "Yes. What was he doing there?"

First Student : "Had been to the Dead Letter Office, I suppose."

"To bee or not to bee," said the Apis Melifica as he struggled vainly to free himself from a piece of fly paper.





A Shady Retreat.

### Then and Now.

Those were the days, the days of yore,  
The days of shields and lances,  
When rivals smote each other sore  
To win a maiden's glances.

Oh, then if she could not agree  
Which lucky swain it was to be,  
Each fellow took his chances;  
She was not won by servile flattery,  
But by assault and also battery.

And if she still demurred, of course  
You probably kidnaped her,  
And carried her off upon your horse  
And in your castle trapped her.  
You did not let her plague and harry  
you,  
But simply ordered her to marry you,  
And then you closed the chapter  
By dealing justice by the measure  
And leading a life of easy pleasure.

But those romantic days are gone;  
Today, if you would win her,  
You e'en must toy around and fawn  
At tea and dance and dinner.  
And should you think to emulate  
Those ancient methods, let me state,  
You'd be a regal sinner;  
Your hero's won a poet's praise,  
You'd likely get some thirty days.

Turn back, O Time! a thousand years,  
Until I capture Polly,  
Lest all my tantalizing fears  
Produce a melancholy.  
She listens to my prayers and smiles;  
She's proof against my various wiles,  
To further please were folly.  
Unless I take to sword and shield,  
I'm pretty sure she'll never yield.

+ + + +

### FACULTY NOTICE.

At a recent examination of the Building Inspectors of the South Bethlehem Borough Packer Hall was found unsafe.

All students are warned to keep out, as the University will not be responsible for any accident.

Recitations heretofore held in this building will now take place in Buck's residence or in the Gymnasium.

[Signed]

SEE L. TEE.

+ + + +

### APPLIED MECHANICS.



An Unbalanced Force.

# THE LEHIGH BURR.

## Lest We Forget.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD KIPLING.)

Ring on, O Packer Bell, with zest,  
Make quick our ever dragging pace;  
We tremble should thy tones cease lest  
The chapel door shut in our face.  
Scourge of the weary, aid us yet—  
Lest we forget, already yet.

When in the quiz with fevered eye  
We note with woe our fearful dearth  
Of knowledge and we vainly try  
To call back memory to earth;  
O Honor System, guide us yet—  
Lest we forget, already yet.

If guilty-minded we should be  
And from collector turn away  
To realize that dreaded he  
Has come to take our tardy pay,  
O College Spirit, keep us yet—  
Lest we forget, already yet.

If after Victory crowns our teams,  
With reeling step and dizzy brain  
We gloat in conquest, till it seems  
We cannot all our joy contain,  
Thou, Lord of Triumph, chide us yet—  
Lest we forget—poor Lafayette.

When for a sheepskin we aspire.  
If reason ever falls so low,  
Ye Profs., arise, awake their ire  
And tell us that we have to go.  
O Faculty, be with us yet—  
Lest we forget, already yet.

### THE BACH FESTIVAL.

The Bach Festival, besides its great musical reputation, has proved an immense social success. Last Friday especially did society turn out in grand array. Among the host of social celebrities present the following were especially conspicuous: Mrs. Abe Schenkfelder appeared in a lavender dress with a scarlet tie. Her daughter looked especially attractive in a renovated Fall bonnet made over with new Nazareth lace. Mrs. Leadwarmer and Miss Snoozlonger were gowned attractively in their Spring cheese-colored dresses. Both also wore very pretty smiles. The male side of the belligerents was represented by Mr. Sourpickle and Mr. Treesdrof, both from Smearsburg. Their excellent taste in dress was very noticeable, or, more accurately speaking, very audible. The former had ushered in the Spring with a gay frock coat of an ultramarine color and invisible plaid. The latter has established his reputation as a criterion of fashion by his splendid taste in dress. He wore a pair of bright red hose strewn with purple "fleur-de-lis" and a most attractive hog-head scarfpin.

The usher was frequently compelled to quiet the clothes, as they would at times render the music inaudible. Outside from that fact, however, everything went smoothly.



### A TEMPTING OFFER.

BONES AND KNOCKLIN STEEL COMPANY,  
LITTSBURG, PA.

To the graduates of Lehigh University.  
Gentlemen:

We have use for a few good, strapping, well bred, healthy young men, who are willing to work 18 hours a day for 368 days out of the year. At the end of five years he would, if acquainted with our methods of business, be raised to the position of foreman of the iron foundry. He might, if very assiduous attain, at the end of ten more years the position of assistant superintendent of the forge shops, a position paying as high as \$1500 a year. This grand opportunity is offered only to men possessing perfect manners, having a good nature and willing to work hard. They must be teetotalers and besides must not chew, smoke or swear. We will hold these positions until 1st of May, whereupon all future chance will be lost.

Yours truly,  
BESSEMER.



The following excellent article was handed in for publication, but owing to its especially fine dramatic character we have decided to detail one of our numerous staff of actors with each copy of THE BURR in order to deliver it orally. Should you fail to hear this splendid production, notify the Business Manager, who will immediately collect your subscription :



Have a drink.

## IMPROVEMENTS SUGGESTED BY THE "BURR."



THE BURR, realizing that necessity is the mother of invention, has compiled the following authorized form of petition, which if adopted only necessitates a student's signature and a filling in of the blank spaces. We look forward to its early adoption by the faculty as a splendid labor saving device. It is as follows:

————— 190

To the Faculty of Lehigh University:

Gentlemen:

I hereby respectfully petition for a reëxamination in the following subjects  
—————. Failure to pass the above subjects was due to my indisposition on the day previous to the examination, which compelled me, upon advice from a physician, to seek recreation in the form of a visit to the theatre.

Signed

Yours very truthfully

Name —————

Would not the Campus be greatly improved if Buck were allowed to work only at night?

Surely no one would deny that a few more goats tranquilly nibbling at the grass would make our College lawn look less artificial, while they might also prove valuable in getting rid of stray lunch boxes.

Why not erect a shooting gallery in front of the Chapel for the amusement and pastime of those who must while away the "between hours." This would occupy an otherwise idle hour and besides would preserve the grass from ruin in places where it has been killed out by sleeping "civils."

A series of cascades, on the order of those at the St. Louis Fair, might be built, starting from the front door of Packer Hall and reaching to Buck's residence. This would prove attractive to visitors and might serve as a rowing course for the students.

"STRAIGHT GOODS," said the maker of T-squares as he received an order for three-score of them.

"CAST thy bread upon the waiters and it will return after many days."



# THE LEHIGH BURR.

## COLLEGE JOKES.

She: "Do you know Daubster, the artist?"  
He: "Yes. He's one of those chaps, isn't he, that wears long hair and never changes his shirt and draws—"

She: "Sir !!!"

He: "Draws all the time."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Brace up, old chap, something terrible has happened—your freshman room-mate has been killed in an automobile explosion."

"And it was his week to get the mail, too!"

—*Cornell Widow.*

We hear that in Philadelphia they are selling "The Simple Life" under the title of "The Pace that Kills."

—*Life and Columbia Jester.*

"Hail, Hail!" the patriot subjects cried,  
Their loyalty proclaiming,

"How dare you hail," the queen replied,  
"As long as I am reigning."

—*Yale Record.*

Emma: "Going to the dance tonight?"

Louise: "Haven't much to wear."

Emma: "Well, you don't need much."

—*Punch Bowl.*

"Accident on the Lehigh last night?"

"What was it?"

"Diamond came in on time."

—*Cornell Widow.*

"Ah," said the Freshman, as he turned up his trousers, "to-day sees me in a new role."

—*Princeton Tiger.*



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Think of the convenience, cleanliness entire absence of dirt. The cool kitchen in Summer. We will put a gas range in your kitchen and connect it ready for use for \$8.00 and \$9.00. Come quick. Not many left.

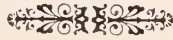
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At no time in our previous history was the store so well equipped to supply your wants as at it at present.

This Store stands for Progress! That kind of progress that seeks out the best things in men's wear that skilled labor can produce, and placing it before our customers, with the smallest margin of profit added.

Our Spring Suits at \$8, \$10, \$12 to \$25.00, are in Fit, Style, Workmanship, and Quality, Material, superior to anything we have ever before shown.

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